

1979

Clarke to open doors to men

Men will be admitted to all academic programs at Clarke, beginning in June.

In a statement made to students and local media Monday morning, April 30, Dr. Meneve Dunham said, "I have been President of Clarke College since August, 1977. We have spent this time planning, in charting Clarke's future. Today, as we announce new academic programs and expanded student services, I am pleased to tell you that Clarke will also begin admitting men to all of its degree programs. Now, Clarke women in all three divisions, that is, the Undergraduate, the Graduate, and Continuing Education Divisions, will share their educational opportunities with men who choose Clarke's academic programs."

During Monday morning's student meeting, Dunham said "by admitting men to all degree programs, the Clarke Community will share with men who choose Clarke's academic programs."

The Board of Trustees moved to allow men to attend Clarke on Friday.

day after approving the Bachelor of Science-Nursing (BSN) program. In order to be federally funded, Clarke would have to admit men into this program. After much discussion as to how to accomplish this, Dunham said the Board of Trustee's next question was why not admit men to all programs?

In 1974, Dunham said "questions were raised about admitting men to the computer science and fine arts programs. The decision, made at that time, was for Clarke to stay a single sex college in the Undergraduate program.

The recent adoption of the tri-college degree program has left only men between the ages of 18 and 22 ineligible to receive a degree from Clarke.

Dunham feels the change "will not have much impact on the 1979-80 academic year." Clarke will still basically be women, what we are won't change. The Clarke President further justified this move by saying that in writing Clarke is a women's college, but in actuality Clarke is its programs, faculty, size and religious affiliation.

Another factor influencing the Board of Trustees' decision was that there are fewer high school graduates, and by staying a single sex school, Clarke will cut half of its potential market. In making the decision, Briar Cliff, Mount Mercy, and Marycrest were consulted. All three were women's colleges which made the move to be co-educational between 1968 and 1971.

As a co-ed college Clarke will be obligated to provide for men the same opportunities it does for women. If men from out of the city of Dubuque apply for admission to Clarke they will be housed on campus. Although definite decisions have not yet been made, there are

two available floors in Mary Josita Hall.

Dunham feels the quality of Clarke College will not be lost sight of. "The College will continue to strengthen student services and academic programs," she said. Clarke will advertise on the basis of academic programs now open to men as well as women. A suggested advertising slogan is "Programs for People."

Early in February two sub-committees of the Board of Trustees were formed; one to study the academic aspects of the college, the other, its social aspects. Several recommendations were approved at Friday's meeting and announced at Monday's student meeting.

Concerning Clarke's academic standing the Board of Trustees approved the development of a generic nursing program. Although the program has been approved it will not be ready for students until the fall of 1980. A director will be hired for the nursing program.

A corporate communications major will be offered beginning next fall. Primary majors will be offered in the existing computer science and elementary programs.

Relating to the social aspects of Clarke, an intercollegiate women's volleyball team will be formed. The Board of Trustees approved purchasing a van to transport students around Dubuque at night. Routes and fares for this service will be determined at a later date.

In their final action last Thursday, the Board of Trustees approved the hiring of a Director of Residence. Dunham said a person hired in this capacity will work with House Council members and dorm directors to facilitate improved dorm life.

Clarke President Dr. Meneve Dunham addresses questions concerning the Board of Trustees' decision to make Clarke College a coeducational institution during an opening meeting held Tuesday afternoon in ALH. Dunham called the meeting to answer questions from faculty and students.

the COURIER

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CLARKE COLLEGE, Dubuque, Iowa

May 4, 1979

Board's method upsets students

by Yvonne Yeager

News Editor

Response to the Board of Trustees' decision to admit men to Clarke's academic programs was overshadowed by early reactions among students to the method by which the decision was made and presented.

A majority of students responded against the decision to "go coed" on a student-conducted survey distributed Tuesday. Of 224 students surveyed, 157 felt Clarke should remain a women's college while 35 felt it should not.

However, most comments dealt with dissatisfaction about the way the Board handled communication about the proposal.

"I don't care one way or the other about admitting men," wrote one sophomore, "but I feel the students were cheated of direct input in the decision."

Others were not displeased with the Board's method of deciding the issue. "These long-term decisions belong to the Trustees, who have the long-term interest of Clarke under their experienced guidance," said a faculty member.

Many students still felt they should have been informed ahead of time that the Board was considering

such a move. "The way they dropped it on us was like Hiroshima all over again," said one upset respondent.

Others called the method of communicating the decision to students at the all-school meeting Monday "inexcusable" and "too hush-hush."

Board members stated that student input was used in the decision through an earlier student satisfaction survey. In that survey, which contained one question about coeducation among questions concerning dorm life and other subjects, it was reported that a majority of upperclassmen wished to remain a single-sex college while a majority of underclassmen felt that Clarke should admit men.

Students had many complaints about the Board's survey and called it "misleading," "unfair," and "not valid."

"I think they blinded us as to the intent of the survey by the way the questions were handled," said one student.

On the other hand, there were also complaints about the student-conducted survey. "These questions are one-sided and slanted against going coed," commented a junior.

Students organized a meeting Monday night after the announcement.

ment was made. About 150 students attended the meeting but others called the actions "immature." One student said, "We should be women aware enough to accept the change."

Another said, "If they want the Board of Trustees to treat them like adults, they should start acting like adults."

At the meeting, petitions were drawn up and another all-school meeting was set up for Tuesday evening with Board members.

Board members admitted that it was not an easy decision to make. Speaking at the second meeting, Sister Carolyn Farrell, chairperson of the Trustees Social Atmosphere Committee, said, "I apologize for none of the decisions. None were made lightly."

At the same meeting, Board member Sister Sara McAlpin said it was a difficult choice for her. "I wasn't voting my preference, I was voting for education at Clarke," she stated.

Other nuns also felt difficulty at the move. Farrell called the decision "a radical change" for the BVM's. "It was not easy. It was painful," she said.

Following the second meeting, where students had a chance to direct questions to several of the Trustees, many students expressed a change of opinion. Kathy Moravek, a sophomore, said she felt different after the meeting. "Now I think we can work with the idea and do the best we can," she said.

"I can see the reasons behind it now," stated freshman Vicki Rolfe. "I'm glad they (the Trustees) took the time to come to the meeting."

Students who favor the decision itself cite advantages to admitting men into Clarke's academic programs. Some point out that it will take considerable time to change the female/male ratio significantly.

"I can't see that men are going to beat a highway to our door," said a faculty member. Board member Farrell agreed. "We don't expect a gigantic influx of people," she said.

"Even if a lot of men do come, I don't see that it will make much difference from how it is now," stated one student, emphasizing that Clarke has already been educating men for ten years.

But this reason is also used in reaction against the decision. "If it's not going to change anything anyway, then why not leave it as it is now?" questioned a senior.

An improved social life and a more realistic atmosphere are additional reasons students support the decision to allow men at Clarke.

Over 200 students, faculty, administration, alumni and Board of Trustees members gathered in the Student Dining Room Tuesday night to discuss the ramifications of the Board's Friday, April 27, decision to admit men to all of Clarke's educational programs.

more Louise Nemmers, explaining that Clarke's being a women's college was a major factor in her decision to enroll here.

"People respect you when they know you're from Clarke," said a junior. "Clarke is well-known as a women's college, but that's all changing now."

Opponents of the decision expressed concern over a possible lowering of standards at Clarke by admitting men. However, Farrell emphasized that study was done at schools that have made transition from women's colleges to coed before the decision was made by the Board.

Junior Margaret Doyle said, "The standards won't be lowered unless we let it happen," but sophomore Margaret Thompson feels "it's not worth the risk of decline."

Another student believes Clarke's high standards should benefit all people, not just women. Trustee Patricia Murphy Nederhiser agreed. "All we're doing is letting some poor, deserving males share in this," she said.

Sophomore Peg Frank said students should be more receptive to the change. "Is it so terrible to change 'women aware' to 'people aware?'" she asked. Others described the change as "inevitable" and "part of today's changing world."

As a result of student actions, Farrell said the Board "will probably be more aware about obtaining student opinion in the future."

Meanwhile, Board members are still asking for support. Dunham said the Board has made the policy and the next step "is up to everyone to implement."

MARY FRANC
CLARKE
wouldn't want that way!

photo by carole bishop

Some residents of Mary Frances Hall used this sign to represent their reactions to the announcement that Clarke will become a co-educational institution. Dr. Meneve Dunham, president, responded to the sign by saying, "It is the residents of Mary Frances Hall that do not want it that way! Mother Clarke was known for her vision, and was a fearless, competent and decisive woman. There should be that type of women at Clarke."

COURIER COURIER COURIER CO.
Opinion
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Student's opinion needed in future

The recent decision by Clarke's Board of Trustees to admit men into all academic programs has brought to light an injustice on the campus.

It is unfortunate that the students of this college were not asked by the Board for direct input in such a major issue. It is impossible for a school to exist without students, yet as a vital part of the institution, they were not even consulted prior to the final decision.

Courier feels this is unfair to the students who are the single group most affected by this decision. While the Trustees may have the long-term interests of Clarke at hand, the majority of the Board members do not live on campus. Students will deal with the situation on a day-to-day basis, not the Board members.

Courier hopes the Board will be more equitable in the future and consider the opinions of all groups affected by their decisions.

Editor Appreciative

After serving as editor of the Courier I am totally convinced that a liberal arts education is invaluable.

There were innumerable times my knowledge, facts or interpretations, were more than convenient. This semester, more than any other, I've learned to apply my knowledge in appropriate situations.

An underlying thread in my liberal arts education has been developing myself as an assertive woman. For three years I had been wondering if everything I had been learning would actually be put into practice. This semester I have found that as a professional one takes advantage of, and uses, qualities that for years had been lying dormant.

To everyone who helped these qualities develop, in one way or another, thank you. As editor I did carry the major load and responsibility of the Courier, but there were others who helped in many ways. The individuals who came to my rescue by producing, stories, pictures, comments and support, deserve an enormous amount of credit. Thank you seems so inadequate, but I could never have done everything alone.

Meredith D. Albright

Clarke's Tartuffe was 'Moliere'

by Vincent Williams

What is Moliere made of? Commedia dell'arte, court influence and favor, appeal to the sophisticated common audience, together with a pervading social satirical comedy that achieves artistic proportions. Mixing that kind of style with this kind of art is always a challenge and sometimes an apparent contradiction. But that's what Moliere is made of. And through the most of it, Clarke's production of TARTUFFE was Moliere.

Director Karen Ryker did not forget the occasional lazzi of the commedia tradition. (Commedia dell'arte was an extremely popular and influential style of theatre in Italy and elsewhere from the sixteenth to the seventeenth centuries. For much of it, no plays were written down, or needed to be, since a tradition of stock characters and action gags — lazzi — were perpetrated by vastly experienced comic actors.) For example, Ed Dye's ORGON was often reminiscent of the stock PANTALONE (bumbling father type). Certainly the accedence to King Louis XIV, along with the courtly manner of the 1660s were evident. Barbs of satirical humor pricked at the would-be piety that still seems familiar to us today. In short, the production was entertaining, instructive and technically correct — even artistic.

David Brune in the title role was simply superb. His remonstrating and pontificating literally coated over all the rest of the production —

no mean trick considering the exquisite and eye-popping costumes designed by Pamela Mason-Bruno. But David Brune's TARTUFFE was so strong, I nearly found myself adopting a preference for a devotion to hypocrisy, seduction and the confidence game — they seemed like so much fun. Moreover, his transitional development from a position of relative weakness to one of strength was finely tuned and beautifully aided by the costume (burgundy colored robe at first, simple and strict; then to a black top and leggings, form-fitting and malvolent; finally to a highly colorful, ornate extravaganza complete with fancy frills and furbelows). Indeed, I wonder if the satire would have been better served with a somewhat less foolish ORGON: had reliance on piety for its own sake received a bit more stress, Moliere's statement that such a disposition can render someone susceptible (regardless of mental acuity) to a preying (not praying) fraud would not doubt have sharpened in focus.

But these are interpretive preferences, and not obligatory to the effect. Ed Dye's ORGON was certainly humorous and more than workable: it functioned particularly well in the scene with DORINE wherein the buffoon is taunted by the clever maid. Cindy Johnson accomplished the role of ELMIRE (ORGON's wife) in a fine study of period style and wifely grace. Her seduction scene was particularly strong and added much to the forward progress of the action.

Scenic and lighting designs were exceedingly functional and effective with Frenchy poof, curved platform, ornate doorknobs and draped standing door pieces. Mary Claire Handzik's work in the design of these areas paid off in subtleties: lights and set allowed the play to live while permitting the place to exist in the style to which it is accustomed.

Director Ryker ought to count this among the feathers in her cap; and as for you...

TARTUFFE was unusually well portrayed.

The costumes were incomparably styled.

Moliere was on stage.

...if you weren't there, you should have been.

In Response

To the Editor:

At Clarke, we have four classes of students: Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen. This usually means that all four classes contribute to the success of events at the college. In response to Chelley Vician, Dawne Keller, Ann Houghton and Louise Nemmers' letter of April 27 we merely have some questions:

If you feel that the quality or quantity of tri-college social events has not been up to par, why didn't you bring this to someone's attention first semester so something could have "improved?" If you are dissatisfied with what you consider the lack of events which have been planned, did you ever approach those individuals whose "job" you feel it is to plan your social lives? Did you offer your help and support for the tri-college (OR Clarke College) events that took place? As sophomores, did you experience great ease in arranging tri-college events for your class? Did these events occur frequently?

To Chelley, Dawne, Ann and Louise, we hope your reaction is not a typical one. It comes at an opportune time, however, with newly-elected officers being installed. Please realize that for next year and for the rest of your lives you can't attribute your social success, or lack of it, to the CSA or class officers. If you have ideas and you want to lend a hand, let Margaret Doyle know. She has Marie Gaudette's shoes to fill, a new Union to plan for, and she needs your support.

We are disgusted by your implication that no "effort" was given to tri-college social events this year. From the Street Dance through Homecoming (the best we've seen) the Spaghetti Dinner, The Gong Show, Union Parties, Movies, the first Clarke-Loras Riverside, The Fund Drive, Dionysian Weekend (who do you think booked Second City?) Marie Gaudette, Social Board Chairperson, has been almost superhuman. Her fresh ideas and never-ending enthusiasm has always been evident to those of us who worked with her. Perhaps this is exactly why you don't feel the way we do. Maybe you should have worked with her.

Sally Feehan
Kathy O'Flaherty
Mary Ostrosky
Cindy Castans

COURIER CAUCUS

Letters to the editor are welcome. All letters must be signed, but the writer's name will be withheld upon request. For publication on Friday, letters must be submitted by 5 p.m. of the preceding Tuesday. Letters may be mailed to P.O. Box 115 or dropped off in the Courier Office, room 261 ROH. Lengthy letters may have to be edited.

Poor Judgment

To the Editor:

I seriously question the judgment of The Courier editorial board, staff and moderator who permitted the printing of your recent article on "Clarke's Silent Minority." To provide that much coverage to four people and their personal problems and perceptions is dreadfully out of proportion. But more than that, this overwhelmingly detailed and often redundant story has done a grave disservice to all other Clarke women. And that is the tragedy of your decision far more than the printing of the article which, unfortunately, carries only one disclaimer.

Sister Therese Mackin

Student admires courage

To the Editor:

Last week's article concerning homosexuality at Clarke is a major contribution from the Courier to this institution. I admire the courage of the four women interviewed and, more importantly, the courage and professionalism of the Courier staff. I realize that with an issue as controversial as this, much deliberation must have gone into the publishing of this article. You are to be commended for your courage and open-mindedness. Thank-you.

Amy Morton

Residence Director

Dear Editor,

Assuming that you will be swamped with letters concerning the recent changes at Clarke, I would like to direct myself to other than the 'co-educational issue,' and focus on the approval of a Director of Residence for next year.

I applaud the committee for this

group for the actions of a few. We would ask the same courtesy for ourselves.

Grouping People

To the Editor:

I believe that there is a mistaken impression rampant in this school that the "establishment" of Clarke consists of three groups — the faculty, the administration, and "the nuns." Since when are "the nuns" not considered part of the faculty and administration? If I were one of the nuns I would resent this categorization which occurred in the last issue of the Courier in the article on homosexuality.

Secondly, our current habit of grouping "the nuns" into one generalization is unfair and harmful. As students we would resent being lumped together as one. We are several hundred individual students and wish to be seen as such. Each of the sisters on campus is an individual also. If people have specific gripes against certain members of the community, they should take the matter to the specific person and not generally criticize an entire

group for the actions of a few. We would ask the same courtesy for ourselves.

Respectfully,
Mary Therese Rooney

Changes are necessary

To the editor:

On Monday, the students of Clarke College were informed of the results of a meeting of the Board of Trustees held last Friday. Amid a shower of good proposals, the students were taken aback by Dr.

Meneve Dunham's announcement that Clarke's major areas would open their undergraduate pro-

grams to men. As the message began to root in their minds, the students realized that their pride of being the only woman's college in Iowa would be forsaken. Many began feeling that somehow the special atmosphere of a woman's college would be lost because of the presence of men. But men can enhance the Clarke programs if we allow them. To truly be women aware in the world (as Clarke earnestly claims to culture) Clarke women must be exposed to a reality of life; men will always be an integral part of the world — no one can deny that. As a woman's college, Clarke encourages women to get involved. The college is small and concerned about the individual. It insures everyone in attendance the opportunity to be in control of her world as an interested human being. The presence of men won't change the concern so well established here. Neither will it alter the collegiate and amiable atmosphere coexisting at Clarke. The students create the atmosphere. In the same manner, the students can destroy the atmosphere with negative policies against the decisions of the administrators. Unfortunately, institutions do not change quickly. But in order for people to advance in a modern society they must change. Clarke is fortunate that its administrators consider it viable in the transition from yesterday to the expectations of today without losing a standard of a good education. True, the announcement was dropped unexpectedly to both faculty and students. However, the Clarke Board of Trustees can see all the good that Clarke has generated in the past, yet they realize that the times foster a change. Clarke students will still be women aware — aware that women are people, not a sex. Diversity is for fools. In unity though, Clarke will survive the future as she has weathered the past.

LaDonna Manternach

Board knows what's best

To the Editor:

A week ago, I addressed a letter to you saying that the foreign language requirement should not be deleted. I based my argument on the reasoning that the faculty, more than the students, knows the meaning of a good education.

Now, with the announcement that Clarke has gone co-ed, the students, including myself, were stunned and incensed. But after careful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the Board of Trustee knows best what is good for Clarke.

Personally, I can't believe that any one of those Board members wanted to turn Clarke into a co-ed school. I can't believe that anyone went into the meeting and said, "OK, let's turn Clarke coed." I can't believe that the Board intentionally tried to "pull the wool over our eyes." I can't believe that it was a decision made in haste or without sufficient information. I can't believe that it was an easy decision to make. I believe that the Board had the best interests of Clarke in mind when it made its decision. And I believe that the Board evidenced its support of Clarke by agreeing to meet with students and answer their questions.

I can't say that I agree with the Board's decision, but I do accept it and will support it. I can't say I agree with the method used to obtain some of the information the

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Board used to base its decision upon (surveys), but I think that in the future, the same methods will not be used. The students have shown their concern for Clarke and proven their maturity. It will not be taken lightly.

Thank you,
Sandy Blake

Decision disheartening

To the Editor:

I entered this college with a strong belief that a woman's college offered the highest quality education as compared with co-educational institutions. I am very disheartened to find that Clarke College will no longer commit itself to this concept of education. A passage in the 77-78 Clarke College viewbook states:

"Five years ago, Clarke strongly committed itself to remaining a college for women. WE FEEL THAT COLLEGES FOR WOMEN ARE CLEARLY SUPERIOR IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE POTENTIAL OF WOMEN IN OUR SOCIETY" (caps mine)

The Carnegie Commission Report, which is also quoted in the viewbook, states:

"...more of the nation's women leaders were graduates of women's colleges than of co-educational colleges

...graduates of women's colleges are more confident of their abilities because they have more opportunities for success"

I, for one, still believe in this. But by the same token, I do not think the Board of Trustees would make such a drastic decision without good reason. The problem is that if there exists such serious problems as to promote this type of action, why were the students and faculty excluded and secluded from the entire decision-making process?

If the survey recently quoted was accepted as a document of students' approval, we have been misled into the present situation.

We want to become women aware but you won't let us.

Mary Lorenzetti '81

Students not considered

To the Editor:

I feel that the entire Clarke College community has suffered a great injustice at the hands of the Board of Trustees, because the members of the Board failed to take the opinions of the faculty and students into consideration when making their decision.

As a result, many of us feel that the Board should re-open the issue, evaluating the student's opinions before making a final decision. It seems only fair that we should be involved in the decision-making process when the issue is so important as to alter the values for which some of us decided to attend Clarke.

I personally feel that Clarke's uniqueness, because it is an all girl's school, attracts more students than many of us realize, and consequently, if Clarke became simply one of Iowa's many private co-educational colleges, it would be a removal of one of Clarke's most valuable assets.

Sincerely,
Moira Urich

Lack of input criticized

Dear Editor:

We would like to express our deep concern over the decision made by the board of trustees on April 27, 1979 which made Clarke a co-educational college.

Since 1843 Clarke has been a school committed to providing women with unique opportunities to develop as individuals. With dedication to this purpose, Clarke has developed an atmosphere in which women can learn and grow uninhibited by the presence of men. However, in a seven hour meeting this more than one hundred years of fine tradition has been abolished.

Moreover, we are offended by the lack of student consultation on this matter. The board of trustees made

no real effort to gain student input. Although a general survey was taken which did include the question of becoming co-ed, we did not know the vital importance of our response since we never fully realized how strongly Clarke was considering the possibility of admitting men. It was not until the actual decision had been made that all students were given an opportunity to voice opinions and ask questions. At this April 30 meeting, however, we were informed that our feelings would have no effect on what had been decided. (Even though a meeting was held on April 18 to discuss the issue, the majority of students was not aware that it had taken place let alone given advance notification.)

We believe that this decision should be re-evaluated by the Board of Trustees since it is crucial that all members of the Clarke Community be consulted in such a drastic decision. Furthermore, it is our sincere hope that Clarke will retain its prestige and traditions by continuing to be a college for women.

Mary Ann Heck
Roxann Marie Pierce

Re-evaluation necessary

As a concerned student of the Clarke community, I feel obligated to write this letter pertaining to the decision made on April 27, 1979, of Clarke becoming a coeducational institution in all of its programs.

As of now, I am truly saddened by the prospect that Clarke will become a coeducational institution beginning next fall; but most importantly, I am upset and frustrated by the fact that such a monumental decision concerning the future and the past of the Clarke College community was made by a small group of people within the community (The Board of Trustees), with, I feel, far less than adequate consultation with the other members in the community. Because Clarke College prides itself on being a small liberal arts college where there is personal concern for each individual member of the community and good interrelationships between all these members, I was more than overwhelmed by hearing of a "closed book" decision at the all-school assembly on April 30, 1979, rather than a proposal open for discussion.

In the Clarke Student Bulletin 1978-80, page 56, the preamble for the internal governance at Clarke reads:

"Based on the belief that shared authority best meets the needs of our times, there shall be created a system whereby students and faculty will share with the administrators of Clarke College the decision-making process concerning the internal governance of this institution."

It continues to read:

"The entire College conceives of itself as a community of persons: students, faculty, staff, administrators and trustees. Effective decision-making for the entire community must involve the participation of each group insofar as that group's experience and expertise can contribute to a more informed solution or program. Within this framework Clarke College has developed a mode of governance involving all segments of the community."

I wholeheartedly agree with what has been stated in the preamble and I really thought that others would agree with me, but apparently, the Board of Trustees doesn't. Granted, I do appreciate the fact that the Board made the decision after what apparently they felt was adequate consideration of all consequences of their decision, and that they have installed many positive programs for the Clarke community; but I feel that their decision involved an obvious lack of communication with and consideration for other integral members of the community.

Personally, I don't want to hear about some decision that was made. Instead, I want to know why an idea or proposal is being considered and I want to have some voice in the final decision to be made. Concerning

the major issue at hand -- becoming a coeducational institution -- I would like to see all the factors that led to the Board's decision. I strongly feel that I have the right and the intelligence to look at facts and figures of the data collected which influenced the Board to make their decision, so that I may have the chance to evaluate the data myself and choose to support or oppose the mutual decision of the Board before it is finalized. I would like the opportunity to do this in all decisions which will be finally made by the Board.

Concerning the issue of Clarke becoming a coeducational institution, I would like to say that Clarke should remain a woman's college not out of ignorance, but out of our best judgment and knowledge. As of now, I cannot base my feeling on facts simply because no facts have been shown to me.

I highly value the education I am receiving at Clarke and would like to continue to support Clarke and its ideals. I strongly urge, along with a number of other students, the Board of Trustees to re-evaluate the decision they have made and more importantly, the way in which they arrived at their decision.

Respectfully submitted,
Liz Petty

live it everyday. I really see co-education at Clarke being able to maintain the spirit of individuality so vital to Clarke philosophy. A spirit cannot exist if people are not willing to perpetuate it. I truly believe the Board members, faculty, staff, administration, and students are committed to the survival of Clarke's spirit. I believe these people, as individuals, determine what is Clarke's spirit, I believe these people feel it is an important factor in their lives. I feel that we, as a community, owe it to ourselves and the future interests of the college to trust that the decision-makers, male and female, will make every effort to further maintain and emphasize the value of the Clarke spirit of individuality.

I, for one, am willing to support this effort at maintaining and preserving the Clarke spirit because I love Clarke and wish to see it continue as a living institution.

Sincerely,
Chelley Vician '81

All-girl's school unique

To the Editor,

I am a sophomore at Clarke College, the women's college, and I feel this institution should stay a women's college. The fact of having men on campus is not what upsets me. What has me upset is that Clarke, as a women's college, is losing its uniqueness and individuality, and turning into just another small, coed, Catholic, liberal arts college. Clarke being all women is not one of the main reasons most of the students came here, but I feel this being an all women's college is a plus in our education, a plus that I feel is being taken away from us. I thank the Board of Trustees for taking the time to care about us, but I can't help feeling the majority of the students at Clarke College disagree with their decision. There should have been more communication between the Board and the students, so that we were informed about the issue before we had it dropped on us. Looking back to first semester and seeing how smoothly the change in the visitation hours came about, from students, faculty, and administration working together, makes me wonder why the students were not as carefully considered in such a serious matter as turning Clarke into a coeducational institution.

With the decision of the Board of Trustees to turn Clarke College into a co-ed school, the heritage of Clarke as an all women's institution will be a memory of the past. The heritage is gone, and I for one am deeply saddened by it.

Renae Kerker

Clarke's spirit maintained

To the Editor:

This is written in response to the April 27th, 1979 decision by the Board of Trustees that has made Clarke College a co-educational institution.

First of all, I feel the students who organized student response to this decision are to be commended. Their dedication to, and love for, Clarke, as well as their perseverance in this issue deserves recognition. I am deeply grateful to Mary Pat Rielly, Peg Knapp, Liz Whelton, Sue Heaberlin, & Micki Ostrosky who contributed their time and energy to organize student response in a rational manner for presentation to the Board of Trustees. I am proud to be associated with them and the entire Clarke College Community.

Secondly, I would like to speak to one aspect of co-education at Clarke. One of the main concerns of students in this issue seems to be that Clarke will lose her identity, her uniqueness in the act of becoming a co-ed institution. I do not profess to be aware of all the ramifications that becoming a co-ed institution will have on the identity of Clarke. I can only relate to you my own personal beliefs. I feel that this uniqueness, and identity we speak of stems from the spirit at Clarke which stresses the importance of the individual. I believe that this spirit is a result of the attitudes and mindsets of the people who operate this college for the benefit of the students. I do not believe that this spirit exists without people who are willing to live it nor do I feel this spirit is limited only to one sex. I firmly believe that this spirit of individuality will continue

Sincerely,
Sharon Lundy

Loss of identity suffered

To the Editor,

This letter is in response to the recent developments in which the Clarke College Board of Trustees decided to admit men to all of the academic programs and allow men to live on campus.

I feel that the fact that Clarke is a woman's college is an important reason students come here and an even more important consideration when deciding to stay. Clarke students experience an atmosphere and tradition that is not available at any other school in Iowa or many other places.

Those who have stated that there will not be enough men to change the special atmosphere of Clarke, must also agree that there then would not be enough men to provide the advantages of a coed school.

The college loses its identity as the only women's college in Iowa, without gaining the new identity of a successful coed school.

Respectfully,
Lisa Drew

Literary Supplement: 1979 Award Winners

page five

the COURIER

may 4, 1979

Dimmed
By Margaret O'Connell

Those days of
whoop-leap-and-holler expeditions
to jar fireflies.
Trapped glow from the twilight,
Led to morning-after tears,
and sniffler-wives from hands
still nose-wrinklingly perfumed with lightning bug;
A momentary broken heart
never having meant to douse the living lanterns,
Only wanting to capture and keep a mystery, forever.

These days when
coming home late from work,
in the twilight,
A lightning bug
runs smack-dab into me
And is brushed away
to fall, unheeded, unwept for,
beneath tired feet.
Unknowingly untreasured,
A few specks of light
Remain on my sole,
For a moment.

The Strangler Fig
By Kathy Grove

Accepting my invitation, you came into my house,
a mere seedling riding in the wind.

Expecting just an epiphytic guest, I prepared,
giving you a place to rest for awhile,
a place firm and solid where perhaps there was even
a chance at some mossy growth.

So prepared was I, dusting and polishing,
I didn't notice how you drifted
away from the wind, eventually
cutting off all contact. I didn't notice
roots growing in my house.
And then it was too late. Attic to basement,
the long aerial vines were like bars
imprisoning your very host.

Tighter and tighter you intertwined
as if I was the trunk of some stupid oak.

Tighter and tighter you intertwined
Until,
the house was yours.

Profile of Ms. Schaeffer

By Roxanne Pierce

When I think of Ms. Schaeffer, I think of winter. Her whole personality reminds me of violent winter weather. As she pounds her fist against the top of her well-organized desk, it sounds like the disarming noise sleet makes when it beats against glass. When she yells "you idiot!" at one of her students, it is similar to being hit with a strong gush of northerly wind. Moreover, some days Ms. Schaeffer walks into the classroom and students shiver as if they have suddenly been exposed to a chilling blast of air. Furthermore, Ms. Schaeffer rarely wears cheery spring pastels or warm autumn shades. Rather, she dresses primarily in cool, dark colors. In fact, if she is attired in an abundance of black, her actions will, undoubtedly, be more turbulent than usual. While her dark brown hair and eyes and pale skin make her appear sedate and inexcitable, Ms. Schaeffer's bold red lipstick reveals her truly tempestuous nature. However, it is this intensity of emotion that causes her to teach composition and literature with such vehemence and, consequently, makes me respect her so much.

While part of her personality makes me think of winter, there is also a facet of her character that is suggestive of Katherine Hepburn. In Ms. Schaeffer, as in Miss Hepburn, there is a sense of dignity and refinement. Yet, both women possess an unmistakable inner strength and a great store of energy. Neither an English teacher nor the actress is a person to be dominated: Each is

aware of her capabilities and talents and does not feel compelled to take "second place" to men. Consequently, both command admiration and respect from men and women alike.

Even though it would be difficult to find a gift to express to Ms. Schaeffer my high regard for her, I think she might appreciate a copy of Hemingway. I believe Ms. Schaeffer and a work of Hemingway would be compatible not merely because Ms. Schaeffer values good literature and Hemingway's works are so great. The primary reason, rather, is that I see both the teacher and the author as adventurers. Although Ms. Schaeffer's escapades might not be as daring as Hemingway's were, she does attempt to cram as much "living" into her life as possible. While she has not yet traveled as extensively as the writer, Ms. Schaeffer's voyages seem to have at least a portion of the romance and excitement of Hemingway's excursions. By giving her one of Hemingway's compositions, I would enable her not merely to read the author's narrative but to share in the experiences and emotions of a "kindred spirit."

One aspect of Ms. Schaeffer's nature that strikes me as a distinct contrast to her other characteristics is her unending passion for "junk food." A breakdown of the school vending machines probably affects no one else as much as Ms. Schaeffer.

While her tastes range from cheese curls and pretzels to oreos and chocolate bars, her favorite snack is a particularly gooey, fudge brownie. Few class periods pass without Ms. Schaeffer sending a student to "raid the vendos" on her behalf. This facet of Ms. Schaeffer's personality seems to me to be some-

a "pep talk" — a short lecture on how to endure the seemingly unbearable pressures brought about by parents, teachers, or friends. Beneath her somewhat stern exterior is a great deal of compassion.

While Ms. Schaeffer is most familiar to me in a classroom behind a desk or writing on the blackboard in

Winners for two literary awards have been selected by Jose M. Garza, a poet and fiction writer from Maquoketa, Iowa. There were 67 entrants in two contests, for the Mary Blake Finan Literary Award, and the Richard Sherman Memorial Award.

Mary Blake Finan Literary Award

First Place: "Snorkeling," by Kathleen Grove
Honorable Mention: "Ode of an Anhinga," by Kathleen Grove
"Free Spirit," by Vicki Rohlf
"The Right Moment," by Patricia Walker
"Dimmed," by Margaret O'Connell

Richard Sherman Memorial Award

First Place: "Eyes All Right and Blue," by Kathleen Grove
Second Place: "If Bodies Rise," by Kathleen Grove
Third Place: "The Strangler Fig," by Kathleen Grove
Fourth Place: "The Lawn's Mown," by Patricia Walker
Honorable Mention: "Ambush," by Kathleen Grove
"Funny . . ." by Brigit Barnes
"Profile of Ms. Schaeffer," by Roxanne Pierce
"Stifled Dying Things," by Brigit Barnes

- 1) Any student at Clarke may submit one or more entries: fiction, essay, poetry.
- 2) Writing must be original and unpublished work of the student who submits it.
- 3) All manuscripts must be typed, double-spaced, on 8½ x 11 typing paper. Each entry should be typed separately. MSS. should be submitted to room 275B not later than March 23, 1979.
- 4) Name, address, and phone should be written on a separate piece of paper and clipped to the manuscript; author's name should not appear on the manuscript itself.
- 5) All entries are eligible for both awards; the contest judge is an Iowa writer.

her bold, impressive style, there are certain places where I am positive she would never be found. For instance, I do not see her in the great out-of-doors basking in the sun shine. I believe she would find wind tousling her hair or rain refreshingly falling on her face irritating. I see her as more suited to a dim, air conditioned conference room where only her patience would be ruffled. Neither would I envision her in a roadside tavern — the type of deteriorated establishment so uproarious that people can converse only by bellowing. Instead, I picture her drinking in a rather formal lounge while engaging in stimulating conversation. On the whole, there is quality in everything Ms. Schaeffer does.

One of the reasons I grew to admire Ms. Schaeffer is that she possesses two qualities that I consider essential but do not have myself — an unrelenting outspokenness and indestructible confidence. While I tend to retreat from fervent discussions, Ms. Schaeffer thrives on trying to sway others equally adamant in their convictions to her way of thinking. Similarly, she never appears to doubt the "rightness" of her position. I, on the other hand, can be easily convinced that I am incorrect by a persuasive speaker. I have never known Ms. Schaeffer to withdraw from a debate without first influencing the opposition. Consequently, Ms. Schaeffer's students quickly learn that, if they hope to sway her from any course of action,

they should be prepared with very effective arguments.

Because Ms. Schaeffer is so frank and unreserved, she expects the same openness from her students. She warned all her pupils that winning her respect requires unflinchingly enduring her torment. Each pupil in the school realizes that there is more than a slight possibility of being embarrassed in Ms. Schaeffer's class. Her methods, however, are effective in that students work diligently on their assignments to avoid a confrontation with Ms. Schaeffer. Students polish their compositions extensively to elude being selected to read their "slovenly" papers in front of the class. Reading in Ms. Schaeffer's presence was something all students hoped to evade since her cure for poor enunciation is to practice speaking with marbles in the mouth.

Although her personality is austere, her teaching methods are harsh, and her demands are rigid, Ms. Schaeffer is a respected and liked teacher. She cares about each pupil as an individual, and even though her classroom techniques are severe, the purpose is to make her students more self-reliant and confident. The requirements for passing her classes are difficult but because of that students learn to write acceptably, analyze a poem carefully, and criticize a piece of literature accurately. Her motivation is not to devastate students: Rather her goal is to prepare them to meet the challenges of college. Ms. Schaeffer's stern, uncompromising, yet understanding nature makes her not only a fine teacher but an outstanding person as well.

Eyes All Right and Blue
By Kathy Grove

"Have you ever square danced before, Megan?" asked Sister Kathleen, as the car approached a stoplight. She turned around and smiled at the dark-haired girl in the back seat of the crowded car.

"No, well, in gym class," said Megan.

"It doesn't really matter. They dance any way they please," Sister said with a laugh. The light turned green and she returned to the front.

"It takes a miracle to get some of them on their feet," added Lisa, who was sitting on the seat next to Sister Kathleen.

"How old are most of them?" Megan asked.

"I think they are all over thirty. I believe the oldest is fifty-five," Sister replied. She paused for a moment and then asked slowly, "You've never been to the home, have you?" Megan shook her head no.

"It isn't a pleasant place at all. The people rarely get visitors and they have such little recreation that I thought these weekly square dances would be a good thing. I'm grateful to you high school girls for helping out. It's not an easy thing, being around retarded adults."

"But it's a great experience," said Lisa. "You understand that though, don't you Megan?"

"Yes," Megan said and then explained to Sister Kathleen. "My little brother, Danny, has Down's Syndrome."

"He's the cutest little boy you ever saw," Lisa said loudly.

Megan smiled at the word "cute". She thought about Danny's fine blond hair, streaked with gold and brown. And his eyes. She called them moon-shaped because the corners tilted upward like two tiny quarter moons. They were bright and glowing like a moon also, but their color was a clear, light blue. She thought of his small hands and tiny feet. "He's beautiful," she said aloud.

"There it is," Lisa said suddenly, pointing out the window. Megan turned and stared through the dirt-streaked glass, as Sister pulled into a small, gravel parking lot.

It was a big house that probably was a beautiful home in its early days. But years of rough weather and lack of care had turned the place into an ugly monster. The gray paint was peeling badly, like flaky, dry skin, leaving splotches of brown wood everywhere. The porch steps sagged and the hand railing lay broken and twisted in the middle of the yard, surrounded by black tar strips that had fallen from the roof.

It would have been better to destroy this place rather than let it get in this condition, Megan thought to herself. She hated to see beautiful things deteriorate. Mentally, she compared the building to the nursing home her grandfather lived in. It was a large brick complex with well-kept green lawns. Megan's muscles tensed at the thought of her grandfather. He was visiting her family for a week and she was counting the days before he left.

She hated his visits. He treated Danny so cold, sometimes refusing to even acknowledge her brother's presence. The rest of the family accepted Danny's condition, why couldn't he? Megan's muscles tightened even more.

"He's from a different generation, that's why," Mrs. O'Neill tried to explain. "He grew up ignorant about such things and you can't expect him to become enlightened overnight."

"Yes I can, Mom," Megan said. "Danny's almost six years old and Grandfather still acts as if he has some contagious disease. Why does he even come to visit?" Megan looked directly into her mother's eyes.

"Because he loves you and me very much and hopefully, in time, he'll feel the same for Danny," said Mrs. O'Neill softly as she turned from her daughter's flashing eyes, attempting to hide her own hurt.

Megan became dramatic. "You're a traitor to your own son. A Benedict..."

"Oh stop it," Mrs. O'Neill said, the softness disappearing from her voice.

By now, Megan's knuckles were white, having clenched them into tight fists.

"It's a little past eight so they'll be waiting for us," said Sister Kathleen as she gingerly stepped onto the porch. Megan looked up and saw a few dim lights burning in some of the windows. A gust of wind suddenly shook a rusty sign hanging from two wooden posts to the right of the porch. Despite the chipped and faded paint, Megan read the words "Gibson County Home for Retarded Adults."

A drizzling rain started to fall as Sister Kathleen led Megan and the other girls into the home and down a narrow corridor to a door marked "Office." A woman in a white uniform appeared at the door.

"Glad you could make it again. Everybody's waiting." They followed the woman down another corridor, at the end of which were two large, windowless, wooden doors. Through the doors was a spacious, gym-like room. The wooden floor was dusty. Screens covered a few windows in the room, which were set high up on the walls.

Along two sides of the rectangular room were rows of grey, metal folding chairs, occupied by members of the home and a few white-uniformed workers. Megan wondered how they managed to keep their clothes so clean.

At the front of the room was an old coffee table and on it was a new, wood-toned stereo. Two large speakers stood on each side of the table. It was the one shiny object in the whole room.

"Bobby's parents donated that," Sister Kathleen explained as she pointed to one of the men on the folding chairs. "Now if they would just come out and listen to it sometime."

Megan's eyes wandered up and down the two rows of chairs. The men were seated on one side of the room and the women on the other. Leaning against the wall, her hands began to shake.

Most of the men and women were grossly overweight. The women all wore tent dresses with gaudy flower patterns in pinks, greens, and purples. Bedroom slippers covered their feet and their breasts sagged under the loose material. Their heads bobbed listlessly and their eyes stared vacantly. Danny's moon-shaped eyes are always alive, always alert, Megan thought with a panic.

"Just go over and ask someone to dance," Lisa whispered to Megan. The other girls already had partners. Megan followed Lisa to the men's side.

"Would you like to dance, Bobby?" Lisa asked the man Sister had pointed to earlier. He nodded and Lisa gently shook his hand.

Megan walked over to a man who was sitting in the last chair in the corner. Like most of the other men, he wore a short-sleeved white shirt and tight, black, stain-covered pants.

His fat stomach hung over the beltless rim. He smiled at Megan and stood up. She forced her hand into his and tried not to wrinkle her nose. His sweaty body smelled awful.

On the dance floor, she put one hand on the man's shoulder and slipped the other one into his left palm. She moved her body slowly,

her feet constantly dodging the thick soles of his shoes. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Lisa lead Bobby by the hand to the chairs. He took a postcard out of his pocket and showed it to Lisa.

The frayed edges and a conspicuous five cent stamp silently told its age. "I just got this letter from my Mom today," Bobby said. "It's from California."

"What's your name?" Megan suddenly turned and asked her partner.

"Martin. What's your name?"

"Megan."

"Have I ever danced with you before?"

"No, this is the first time I've been here," Megan answered. His low, guttural voice made her cringe. Danny's was so musical.

"Did you know I used to have a puppy dog?" he asked. "My Mom gave it to me one day when I was little. Do you have one?"

Megan nodded. "My father just got my brother and I one today." She closed her eyes and smiled as she thought about Danny, the puppy, and herself playing all day on the living room floor. Mom and Dad loved the puppy too. Everybody did, except Grandfather.

"It's a Basset Hound, isn't it? Why'd you get that kind for?" the old man grumbled, taking his pipe out of his mouth and nervously jing-

"I promise," Megan said, expecting a worn postcard like Bobby's.

"Look here then," Martin said proudly. He handed her several grimy playing cards. Megan turned them over and then drew a quick breath of air. Her lips went dry and her forehead became covered with sweat. The "playing cards" were pictures of naked women in several erotic poses.

"My friend who visits me gave them to me," Martin said. He took them out of her hands and held them against his chest. "You promised me you wouldn't tell."

Megan turned her head away. Slowly, she stood up, her legs weak and shaky, and walked away.

"Whoops! Megan, watch where you're going," said Sister Kathleen with a laugh. "Here you go Andrew. Megan will dance with you." The nun put Andrew's hand into Megan's wet palm.

Andrew, who was one of the few thin men in the room, twirled Megan around the dance floor easily. A lively polka tune was playing.

Megan stared at the same greasy black pants and white shirt. The same body odor filled her nostrils. For some reason, Megan felt compelled to look into the man's eyes. They were a clear blue. Clear blue. Clear blue. The words ran through Megan's mind in time with the music. Someone turned up the volume of the record player and the words echoed louder in Megan's mind. Andrew moved her faster and faster around the dance floor.

She closed her eyes tightly and suddenly, she wasn't dancing with Andrew anymore. She was dancing with Danny, thirty years later. The stench, the sweat, and the pictures. Megan could think of nothing else. She began to feel dizzy and nauseous at the same time. She looked over at Lisa, calmly dancing with Martin. "But it's a great experience. You understand that though, don't you Megan?" Lisa had said earlier.

Megan pushed Andrew aside and ran out of the room. She ran through the dim corridors and into the dark night. The drizzle had turned to rain, which soon drenched her hair and clothing. She thought of Danny, the puppy, and her, playing all day on the living room floor. With her hands covering her ears, Megan ran to the rusty sign, as it shrieked dissonantly in the wind. "Give it six months," Grandfather had said. "Get rid of it before it's too late."

What about six years, or sixteen years, Megan thought with a panic. "Shut-up!" she screamed aloud, pounding her fists on the sign. "I love him."

She tried to ignore the ugly thoughts that kept rushing through her head, but they were beyond her control. She wished she was pounding on him instead of the sign. She wanted to destroy him before it was too late. Grandfather was right.

Stifled Dying Thing
By Bridget Barnes

The boy stared listlessly at the blank cream-colored paper before him. About him hummed the business of his classmates as they smeared globs of paint with awkward precision upon their simple canvases.

"Could you explain this to me, Billy? I'm not quite sure what it is."

Teacher moved toward him too carefully and he squirmed away.

"You told me to paint..."

"Er - yes, Billy, but what have you painted here?"

The boy was no more fragile appearing nor rougher than any of his friends. It was his hair that drew attention, fluffy and soft like a pup's mop. It bothered his eyes now and he impatiently shook it away.

"(It's what I felt like painting. I like to paint.)"

Teacher drew out another exhibit from the pile of dry crusty shells on her desk.

"Now, this is Mark's painting. See the houses and the neat brown squares - see the green bushes? Isn't Mark a good artist?"

All he could see was Mark's house, with green bushes.

"Yes..."

"Now, why can't you paint like Mark? You don't want anyone to think your paintings are funny, do you? What would your parents think if they heard someone say your paintings were funny? Now, we don't want that."

Teacher set down Mark's painting. She handed Billy his own.

"Next time try harder."

His finger dawdled in the red paint.

"Class, let's be quiet."

Teacher wandered by, but Billy couldn't see her, too filled with cream paper.

"You do what Teacher says, Billy. Don't argue with Teacher. You're there to learn."

"- You have your father's talent, Billy. He was an artist once in college before he gave it up... such a talent." His mother fondled his picture.)

"Almost done, Billy?"

Teacher smiled from behind.

"Yeah."

Out the window it was to be a clear day, only the first touches of an afternoon showing. The sky pearly cleaned into the pure blue center of the very arc joining the horizons. A bird flashed by, close enough to be seen as a bird and not a point in the arc winging past. Billy began to smear red on the paper and saw quite clearly the blood from all living flying things, warm on his canvas. Brown was their burial, blue and yellow spoke their resurrection. He painted and splashed and painted more in silent fury, in stoic pain for all stifled dying things, stunted from their flight, withheld from their breathing, their singing.

ling the coins in his pocket.

"Oh Dad, look how cute he is! You know you've always liked puppies. You got me one when I was a little girl," Mrs. O'Neill reminded him.

"I never got you a Basset Hound. It may be cute now, but I'm just saying those kind grow into ugly dogs." Grandfather smoothed the few strands of white hair left on his head. Mrs. O'Neill shook her head in exasperation and carried the clothes she had just folded upstairs.

Megan, glaring at her Grandfather, hugged the puppy so tight that it yelped and ran under the piano. "They just say that about kittens. Puppies are different," said Megan.

The old man looked down at his granddaughter sitting on the living room floor. Her defiant chin was turned slightly upward and her thin lips were pressed tightly together. She is a beautiful child, he thought silently. He wanted to reach out and touch the top of her thick, rumpled hair. He started to move his hand, but at that moment, Megan pulled her brother onto her lap and hugged him. Danny's clear blue eyes looked into hers and they smiled at each other. Grandfather quickly pulled his hand back.

"Give it six months and you'll see what I'm talking about," Grandfather said abruptly. "I'd get rid of it before it's too late."

"I'll still love it," Megan shouted, as her grandfather walked out of the room. When he was out of sight, she rocked Danny in her arms and cried.

"I want to sit down," Martin suddenly complained. Relieved, Megan opened her moist eyes and led him back to his chair. She sat down on the seat next to him.

Martin looked around the room vaguely and then reached into his back pocket. "If I show you something will you promise not to tell Nurse? She'll get mad and rip it up.

I

By Kathy Grove

"We haven't played the game yet today," said Sheila laconically as the three of us stretched our bare legs in the sun. Crowded together on one, large, flat slab of rock we must have looked like three salamanders meditating in the heat.

We all had our eyes closed and since the ocean was real calm and quiet today we almost forgot where we were, but it was there, only a few feet away. We just had to open our eyes to see it.

"No opportunity. You can't invent weirdos you know," said Lynn about five minutes later. We all laughed because it was Winter and we were in Florida and the sun was covering us like . . . like a soft cotton sheet. I said that aloud to Lynn and Sheila and they groaned. They were always saying that ever since our Sophomore English teacher, Mr. Paul, told me that I had 'the rare gift of thinking in metaphor', I got carried away with it. "But life is a metaphor," I argued, trying to sound sophisticated and intelligent.

Actually, I thought life was more like a simile but it didn't sound as poetic. "You can't make them but you can search them out," said Sheila, bringing the conversation back to the game. That's the one thing we could all relate to. Lynn and I watched as Sheila gathered up her long auburn hair and turned over on her back, letting her hair tumble over the rock. It almost touched the limestone gravel ground.

There was no grass or mud or anything soft in this campground. It was all limestone and rock, from the small pebbles to the rough slabs to the mountain of limestone rocks that kind of separated our tent and picnic table from the other campers. It stood off to one side of the road, like a sentinel . . . no, bad comparison. Anyway, it had all come from the bottom of the ocean. Someone was digging it up so they could eventually use it to extend the island. I don't know why anyone would want to though. There were hardly any campers here now so why go to all that trouble to make more room if nobody was going to use it? Maybe that had crossed their minds too because after dredging up that one mound of rocks nobody seemed to be in a hurry to dredge anymore.

We thought about climbing it because we'd probably get a good view of the ocean from up there but I was afraid of heights — a regular acrophobic — and Lynn and Sheila didn't care what we did so we just looked at old 'Limestone Lookout.' That's the nickname we gave it. After awhile we thought maybe one of the other campers would climb it and tell us how the view was but like I said, this place was pretty deserted. It's kind of out of the way and not very scenic. "World's Beyond" is what the rusty sign at the main gate said but on the map it's named after some famous dead park ranger or something. The owners live in a dirty trailer up near the main office which is near the main gate. There's also a little grocery store, an ice-cream counter, men and women showers and two old clothes dryers all in one small, flat, wooden building. Actually the dryers were outside on the porch.

Lynn and Sheila had gotten awful quiet. I was afraid we would fall asleep so I started talking: I felt like the pilot of a plane that had crashed in Alaska and it was my duty to make sure nobody fell asleep because if we did we would all freeze to death.

"Wait until sundown. Then the weirdos will come. Light scares them away," I said loudly with a Dracula accent.

"Yeah," they both said and fell asleep. I had to join them.

When I woke up the sun was starting to fall behind the ocean. Shivering, I grabbed my towel and wrapped it around my shoulders. I knew my short blond curls were probably sticking out all over the place so I tried smoothing them down with the one hand that was not holding the towel.

Sheila and Lynn were gone, probably to the showers. The sun path down the ocean now as it got closer and closer to the water. I started to think, because that's all there is to do when you're alone. The trouble is, I never think happy thoughts. So I generally try not to be alone. It sort of solves everything.

Now I was thinking about how we were only going to be in Florida for three days and how we were only going to be in high school one more year and how nothing ever happened. We all just lived. The three of us and our families and relatives and teachers and anybody we knew. Even the weirdos just lived.

I was getting sad and almost scared so I started running to the tent. Sheila and Lynn were inside sitting on some blankets. Lynn was on her knees, her legs sticking out

II
Since I was the last one out, I zipped up the tent behind me. Darkness had fully arrived and instead of blinding sunbeams, the last of the returning fishermen lit up the ocean with the front lights of their boats.

"World's Beyond" was not just campgrounds. A neat little harbor for local fishermen took up one corner of the camp. The owners had told us that most of these fishermen had lived here for years. They spent all day fishing on their boats and then came home to eat and sleep on the same boats. Like turtles, I thought. Never able to escape their homes.

"What was this 'winner' like? Old, young, what?" I asked as we walked over to the picnic table to fix dinner. The boats had passed so we were left alone in the dark.

"Old. Middle-aged. He was

ably hung around the library all day long, trying to find dates. But afterwards, when we were all in Sheila's bedroom talking about it, they were laughing so hard that I started to join in. It made me feel closer to them.

"God, I never laughed so hard in my life! Tears were streaming down my face. I could just imagine good old Sherman knocking on some strange door that night asking for Lulu," Lynn said. Then she got kind of quiet. "You know, we never laughed together so much before. It made us closer." I felt as if she had been reading my mind. We were right, though. In fact, the best times we've had together were like that. Meeting real lunatics. Like Mrs. Paleface. She was well-known around town as 'that black lady who paints herself white.' She was almost like a legend — everybody knew her

III

"Let's go dry some of our wet stuff," Lynn suggested after dinner. It had rained the night before and water had seeped into the tent, wetting our sleeping bags and a few pieces of clothing that had been left on the floor.

Sheila and I agreed. Our days, which were spent lying in the sun, were always full, but our nights were empty. With our arms full, we walked past Limestone Lookout and headed down the road to the office building. At first it was really dark but then the harbor lamps, tall and powerful like the streetlights back home, lit up the entire area by the office. We threw our things in the dryers and sat down on the stone steps of the porch. The harbor, which we were real close to now, was to our right. A small bonfire was burning near one of the docks and a few fishermen stood around it, talking and smoking and shifting their feet. A few yards in front of us three thin dogs ran around trying to bite each other's tails.

It was quiet. Even the dogs were playing noiselessly. The three of us didn't have anything to say to each other so we just sat listening to the dryers hum and the fishermen laugh softly. Sheila walked up to the dogs and began playing with them. I dropped my head between my knees and yawned. When I looked up Sheila was still petting the dogs but a man, one of the fishermen, I guess, had joined her. Lynn and I watched as he pulled out a cigarette and Sheila handed him a match. When Sheila started walking towards us, he followed.

"That's the weird bird we were telling you about. I knew he was a player," said Lynn triumphantly.

Like Sheila had said, you couldn't tell he was weird by just looking at him. It was just a feeling. In fact, this guy looked pretty normal. As normal as a fisherman can look I guess. He had frizzy, silver-brown hair and wore wire-rimmed glasses. He was kind of short and his skin was all tan and rough. His clothes had probably once been white but now his cut-offs were gray and his t-shirt yellow. His canvas shoes were ripped.

Sheila and the man sat down on the step below us. He kept his back to us but Sheila sat sideways on the step, looking at us from the corner of her eye and smiling.

"Well, it must be fun to be a fisherman," Sheila said.

He turned his head and smile. Even his teeth were gray. "I hate it. Everyday the trap's in and the trap's out. Working so many hours my muscles ache every night I come home." He spoke with some sort of foreign accent. When he turned his head around Lynn and I got a chance to smile at each other. The game had started. He kept talking, while we began thinking of good questions to ask him.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen," Sheila said.

"Guess how old I am? Go on. Guess."

"Uh . . . forty-one," she finally answered.

"Ahhh! I'm forty-three. Very good." He sounded impressed but then he said, "You are so young and me, so old."

We still didn't have any questions to ask so we looked down and the ground and watched him crush the lit cigarette butt with his heel. Keeping our heads down, Lynn and I turned to each other and smiled again. We were both thinking how much fun this one was going to be.

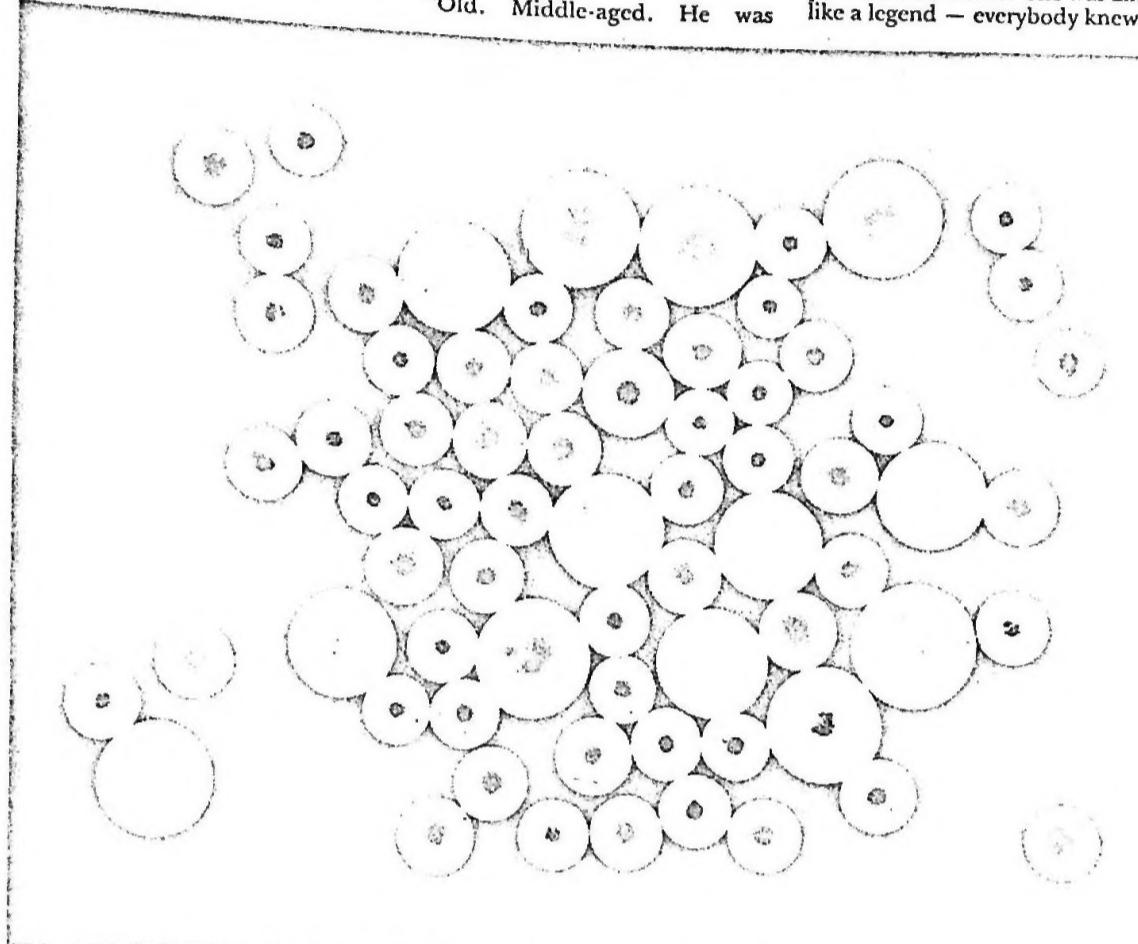
"It's lonely being a fisherman. I live on my boat. All alone."

"Doesn't it get kind of cold?" Sheila asked.

"No. It's fiberglass. Keeps it warm in the Winter and cool in the Summer. Just lonely."

While he was pulling out another cigarette, Sheila turned and mouthed 'Questions' while she nodded towards the fisherman, but he beat us again.

"I hate life," he said calmly. All three of us straightened up. Nobody had ever said that before. We didn't look at each other and nobody said anything. It was funny because the



from under her like the blades of a sled. Her chin was leaning against her chest as she brushed her wet brown hair upside-down. I felt dirty and sloppy next to their clean, showered bodies. But I didn't want to walk up and take a shower alone.

"You've got that look. That sad look," said Sheila.

She could always tell. At first we talked and talked about why I looked that way — my gray eyes duller than usual and my mouth pulled tight in a straight, locked line and my eyebrows scrunched like most people's when they aren't exactly happy. Why, why, why are you so sad? She used to get really frustrated. I would try to tell her and even though I never made any sense she would seem interested. But when it became obvious that I would never be able to explain what exactly made me so sad she gave up. So it's been a long time since we've talked about it but it doesn't bother me.

Like Sheila always says, I'll survive,

standing by himself. By the docks near the office. He must have just come back from fishing," said Lynn.

"Oh, a fisherman," I said.

"He doesn't really look weird, not like Mrs. Paleface. It's just a feeling," Mrs. Paleface was the name we gave to our 'top weirdo' to date. We used her as the superlative at the top of our comparison scale. We had been playing the game for a long time now so we needed some kind of a convenient reference system.

"How are we going to meet him?" I asked.

"We've never had trouble before. Remember, we attract weirdos," Sheila said. It was a standard joke. "Ever since that guy in the horary, she added, almost wistfully.

Lynn started smiling. "We laughed so hard afterwards. And we all owe it to Sheila. Why, if you hadn't batted your eyes . . ."

"I didn't bat my eyes! I didn't even look at him. All of a sudden this note came flying out of nowhere and landed on my book."

"Dear Miss. I think you are cute. I would like to get to know you better. Signed, Sherman," Lynn said as she pretended to hold a tiny piece of paper in her fingers.

"But the best part was the name and address. I can't believe you wrote down your name and address," I said.

"You mean, fake name and address," said Sheila.

"Dear Sherman," Lynn was now holding an invisible pencil. "Pick me up at 7:30 tonight and we'll go to the movies. Signed, Lulu."

"When he came over after you gave him that note and started talking to us I thought I was going to die! 'I'm so happy to get to know you. It's hard for me to meet people.' It was my turn to mimic. At first I had felt sorry for the guy. He must have been at least thirty years old and he prob-

but no one had ever met her. Except the three of us. We were walking home from school one day. It was only 5:30 but it was winter and kind of dark. Halfway home Sheila said she knew of a shortcut she had taken once when she was by herself so we started following her down alleys and over fences. We had just turned one corner when a woman jumped at us from behind a snow-laden bush. It was the painted lady. Since there was three of us there none of us were scared. I was fascinated by her bright white face. Even her eyebrows were caked with paint. The only color on her face at all were her dark eyes and red lipped lips.

"You know anyone who wants to shovel snow? I'll pay them," she said.

"No, but I'm having a Fashion Ten cosmetic party if you'd like to come and be our guest of honor," Sheila said. I thought the lady would kill us for sure but she went right on talking like nothing had happened.

"I'm leaving for a vacation. I want my walks shoveled while I'm gone so no one will slip and fall."

"Where you going? Florida? I hear it's a good place to get a tan." Sheila was really being bold now. The lady looked confused and started mumbling. Just in case she had an attack or something we decided to take off running. We really had a laugh about that one. I thought Sheila had gone a little too far, but after Mrs. Paleface it became almost an art as to how to make the best comments and ask the best questions in order to get the best answers. The more answers we got the more we were able to laugh about it afterwards and the harder we laughed the more I was able to forget about everything else. I suppose it's like being addicted to some sort of drug.

Snorkeling
By Kathy Grove

Ode of an Anhinga
(A Song to Itself)
By Kathy Grove

Unlikely to invoke envious intoxications
I struggle out
of the water stuffed with heavy wetness.
Oilless, luckless, not like the ducks.
I muscle and moan through the air.

These burdened black wings do not
soar and swing on a swing
like an easy trapeze.
I just climb its ladder.

Heavy, I do not
glide like a skate, slide over sleek ice.
And the sled ride with the breeze
is always missed.
I'm just the boy who pulls it up the hill.

Fighting, fighting for that
closest trophy tree limb.
chivalric Champion of the "big wind" I am not.
Just my own winner of solitaire.

So,
no need to look at me with sad happiness,
no reason to fear the loss of a dream.
Knowing and living
"the weariness, the fever, and the fret"
I am just like you.

And like you too, I have the
three, brief moments inbetween
the struggling.

First in the water,
moving through it snake-like smooth,
born with the flip of that fish
that gives my stomach life.

Last in that grasp of the final branch
as I tiredly spread my feathers,
hanging,
and dying into dryness.

And always, that moment of diving once again
into the repetitious wetness of mistakes.

The Lawn's Mown
By Pat Walke

The lawn's mown, flat instead of uneven
It looks wet behind the ears,
Has the queer airiness of a new hair cut

If not for the neighbors
I'd leave a part of it unshaven.
A haven for grasshoppers and dandelion
For birds to nest in and call "Bob Whitel"
With butterflies and lightning bugs
Amid Queen Anne's lace and goldenrod.

I'd probably be arrested and felt fast while
A vigilante squad mows my sanctuary,
flat instead of uneven
So I'll take care and build a tall fence for privacy
First.

Funny
By Brigit Barnes

funny...
i had taken
my life into
these hands,
and it has
not died
something i have
touched has
finally failed
to whither...

The Right Moment
By Pat Walke

Because I'm a lazy person
I don't like to do any more work than I need to.
So I'll sit all day and study the board, the nail
and the maul
Take my calculations and wind velocity.
At the right moment
I take my sledgehammer and wham
the nail home and true.
If I hit the nail on the head,
I only have to do it once.

Ambush
By Kathy Grove

Barren Colorado ground
of beige and brown
matted land more monotonous
than green rows of corn
back home.

In disgust
my eyes
I shut
and then opened;

In one brief moment
A white helmet army
of Mountains
has overtaken the
entire dry and
feeble fields of foe.

most obvious question was waiting
to be asked and nobody felt like asking
it.

"Every morning I hate to get up
and face another day."

I buried my head between my
knees like an ostrich in the sand. It
was no fun talking to people when
they were so blunt. It was no fun
when they weren't talking about
dates and shoveling snow. You
couldn't pretend that they were just
crazy.

"That's not a very good attitude
to have," Sheila finally said. It was
such a damn, stupid thing to say.

"I hate people. I would commit
suicide but I am a Catholic and it is
against my religion. So, I have to
survive. Yeah, if it weren't for my
religion I would. . ." The man
pointed one finger to his head, gun-
style, and lowered his other finger
like a hammer.

All those times alone, sad, I never
thought of doing that. Who could
do such a thing to themselves? No-
body wants to die. Everybody wants
to live. I started to shiver. I wanted

him to stop talking but he kept on.
"I loved my father. Back in Italy
we loved each other. Now, ten years
I am here and I never hear from
him. I love children but I have a son
I can not claim. A son in Corpus
Christi, Texas, two thousand miles
away."

I looked over at Lynn and could
tell she wanted to leave. She was
looking all around her not knowing
what to think. Sheila had moved
over to the edge of the step, as far
away from the man as she could pos-
sibly get.

"You. So young and American.
You have it easy. All I can do is fish
and survive."

Sheila and Lynn were trying to
get my attention now. They wanted
to leave but I ignored them. Was
that all there was, survival? He had
suffered more than all of us. He had
had his share, our share and maybe
more. He had a right to be sad. I was
sad because I just lived? It all sound-
ed so crazy.

"I could put the mother in a men-

tal institution. She is only twenty-
four. Then I could get my son back.
I never get to see him. Should I do
that?" He looked at all of us calmly.

The dryers stopped humming
and Lynn jumped up. The light
shone in her eyes and I saw the tears
of relief as she started dragging the
clothes and sleeping bags out of the
hot dryers. Sheila ran to help her.

The fisherman turned and looked
at me directly for the first time.
He still looked calm and I wasn't
scared anymore. I wasn't scared or
sad.

"Ready?" Lynn called nervously.
I smiled at the man and he nodded.
I ran to catch up with Lynn and
Sheila who had already started
walking very fast down the road to
our tent. "Let's just try to forget
him," Sheila said quietly.

We put our clothes away in
silence and laid out our sleeping
bags but nobody felt like going to

bed. "Let's go sit outside for awhile.
On the rocks. By the ocean," said
Sheila.

We walked out into the dark. No
harbor lights or boats were in this
corner of the camp.

"We can't forget him," I spoke
first.

"Not right away I guess," Sheila
said.

"He was so scary," Lynn said.

"So sad. And depressing. Let's try
to forget about him," Sheila said, al-
most pleading now.

"So what should we talk about in-
stead? The game is spoiled," said
Lynn.

Sheila sat down on one of the
rocks and Lynn sat down on one
next to her. They both sighed and
then Sheila said, "Well, I guess we'll
survive, right?" She looked up at
me. I was still standing.

"He was our smile," I finally
spoke. They looked at me in disbe-
lief.

"He was old and dirty and mean.
Nothing like us," Lynn said.

"I never felt the way he did about
anything or anybody. He might as
well be dead," said Sheila. I started
laughing.

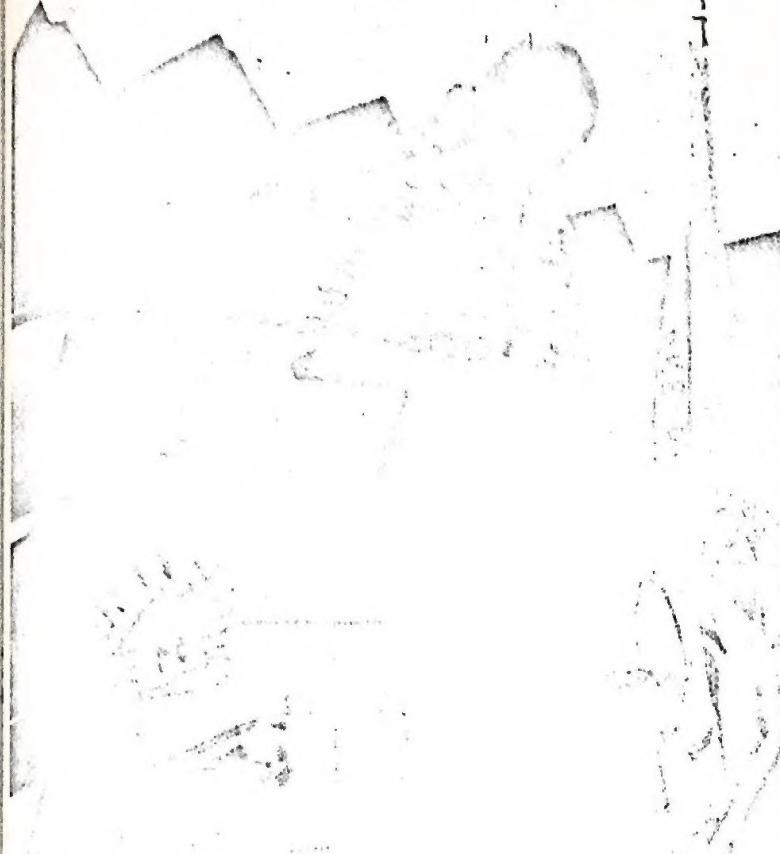
"Sheila, what's on the agenda to-
morrow? Sun-bathing? Shopping
maybe?" Lynn spoke very fast and
very loud. Sheila talked with her.
They asked me for suggestions but
all I wanted to do was be alone.

"I'm going to climb Limestone," I
said and started running. Running
up the side of the rock hill, running
to the very top. I scratched my
hands a couple of times and they
were bleeding a little but I didn't
care. I was alone and happy and re-
membering. I knew I wouldn't
always be happy but I was now and
that's all that mattered.

I was up rather high and the wind
was really blowing. It felt so good. I
looked out over the ocean and then
down at Sheila and Lynn. I looked
back at the ocean. We were all star-
ting into our separate pieces of the
ocean.

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 the COURIER
 May 4, 1979

Olympiad shows Clarke where it's (r)at



Polly Parkin, freshman (center) and protege Edgar stand for the national anthem during the honors ceremony at the third annual Rat Olympics, held Tuesday in ALH. Edgar claimed gold medal honors in the competition, which involved twelve rats. Coach Mary Mattern, freshman, and her rat, Iphigenia, claimed the silver medal, while freshman Laura Lindley's (right), Rosemary Ackermann, took bronze medal honors in the Olympiad.

It was a "rat race" in the truest sense of the word. Twelve white, beady-eyed, furry rodents vying for the most prestigious honor in the history of competition.

And when it was all over Edgar, the long-tailed entry coached by freshman Polly Parkin, had come out the victor by virtue of his dazzling performance. It took the determined Edgar just ten seconds to claim the gold medal in the third annual Rat Olympics, held Tuesday evening in Alumnae Lecture Hall.

The road to victory was not without complications for Edgar, who had to perform a series of acts throughout the duration of his performance. Seven such acts constituted Edgar's gold medal-winning strategy entitled "Backyard Rat Race."

1. Edgar climbs ladder into box.
2. Edgar runs around track.
3. Edgar runs through tunnel.
4. Edgar runs up and down slide.
5. Edgar runs across teeter-totter.
6. Edgar jumps through basketball hoop.
7. Edgar runs across balance beam.

Edgar's performance received the highest overall score from Rat Olympic judges Bill Norman, sociology instructor; Director of Admissions Ed Reger; George R. R. Martin, journalism instructor; philosophy professor Dr. Linda Hansen; and Sister Mary Lou Caffery of the College's chemistry department.

"He (Edgar) picked up real fast," said a surprised Parkin, referring to the degree of training required for his act to be successful.

The silver medal went to Iphigenia, a quick-witted creature trained by freshman Mary Mattern. The second-place winner successfully completed the "Clarke College Tour," which included climbing stairs, going through tunnels and... raising the Clarke College banner.

Rosemary Ackermann, the competition's bronze medalist, reflected the true spirit of Olympic competition. The agile rodent set a Rat Olympic record, leaping over a 2½-foot wall in expert fashion. Coached by freshman Laura Lindley, Ackermann is named after the West German champion highjumper.

The 1979 Rat Olympics competition was sponsored by Clarke's psychology department. Drs. Pat Hemmendinger and Hank Goldstein (Master of Ceremonies) organize the event each year along with their second semester Intro to Psychology students. The purpose of the Olympiad is to help psychology students experiment with such principles as operant conditioning, shaping and positive reinforcement through the training of laboratory rats. Rats are judged on a ten-point scale based on performance, difficulty and originality.



Mary Mattern encourages Iphigenia to complete her performance. Iphigenia's portrayal of "A Tour Through Clarke College" won for her a silver medal in Olympic competition.



The "distinguished" judges of the Rat Olympics competition included from left: Bill Norman of the sociology department; Ed Reger of Admissions; journalism instructor George R. R. Martin; and Dr. Linda Hansen, professor of philosophy. Also judging the competition was Sister Mary Lou Caffery of Clarke's chemistry department.

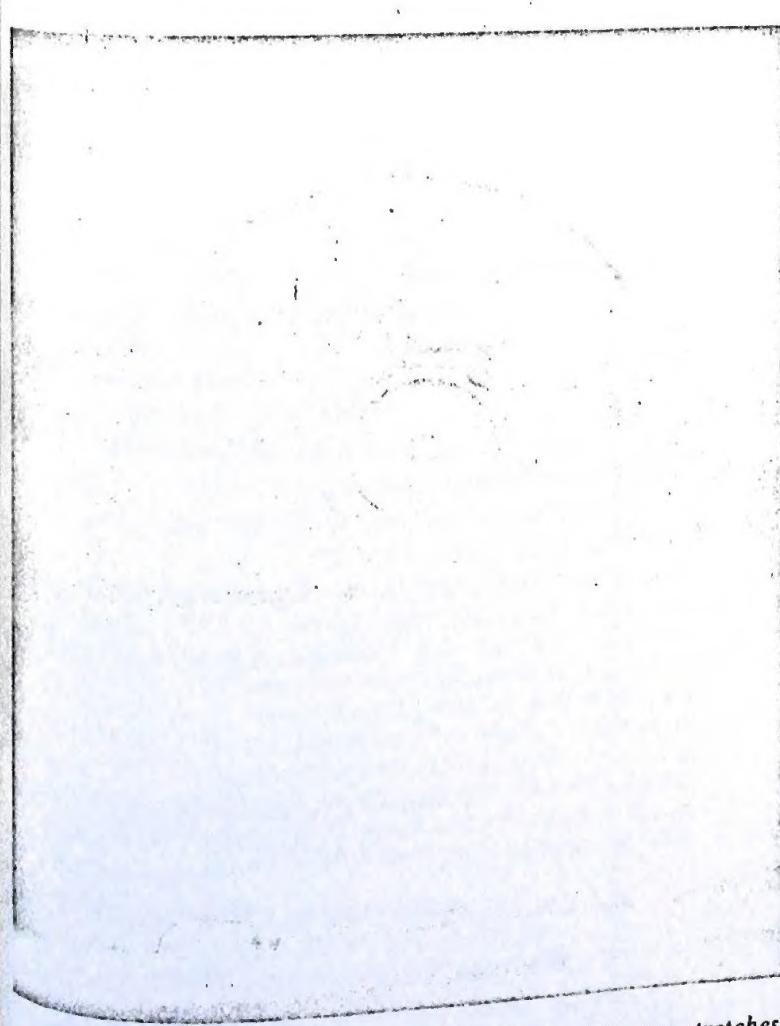


Iphigenia and Coach Mattern receiving the silver medal from Rat Olympics Director Dr. Pat Hemmendinger.



Judges (from left) Sister Mary Lou Caffery, Dr. Linda Hansen, Ed Reger and George R. R. Martin observe the performance of freshman Polly Parkin's (center) entry, Edgar. This proved to be the winning performance of the competition.

These participants, Donna Summers and Evelyn Champagne King (l. to r.), enjoy a drink at their favorite night spot during their performance entitled "A Night on the Town." The pair were coached by freshmen Rosa Herrera and Ann Rottinghaus.



C. G. (Chicken Guts) Annie, coached by freshman Barb Duster, stretches to make it over a barrier during her performance Tuesday night.

photos by Yvonne Yoerger

Thirty-two year plan:

at CE's move to graduate

by Meredith Albright
and Peggy O'Connell

When Jeanne Golinvaux left Clarke after her sophomore year in 1947, she vowed to her father that someday she'd return. Thirty-two years and ten children later, she'll receive her Bachelor of Arts Degree on May 12, 1979.

Golinvaux returned to Clarke as a student in 1973. But in the intervening years, she hadn't lost touch with the college. She had friends who worked at Clarke, as she herself did as a Mary Fran desk attendant on the weekends. Two of her daughters, Leanne '71 and Linda '73 graduated from Clarke. When Linda graduated, Golinvaux decided to enroll herself in order to "keep up" with Clarke.

Sentimentality was an important factor in Golinvaux's return to Clarke. Her daughters encouraged her to resume her education and her family was supportive of her decision.

Golinvaux had not considered returning to Clarke until all of her children were grown. She then decided to wait until they were all of school age.

"Mom" Golinvaux had always been involved in activities outside the home. So when she went back to school it wasn't as if she was leaving home, but just doing what her children were doing, and she contends that this brought her closer to them.

Golinvaux said, "By going back to school I felt I wasn't acting my age. I felt foolish. I worked at Mary Fran on weekends, so I knew the students and they accepted me as an adult, but I was afraid they wouldn't accept me as an adult student."

Afraid she'd ask stupid questions, that she'd forgotten all she had learned and forgotten how to study, Golinvaux was apprehensive about completing her sociology degree.

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She saw Clarke move from a school that socialized students to one that "is concerned with developing a person to their fullest." Golinvaux feels she values her education more than a traditional college student because she experienced life before she learned about it.

Responding to the myth that CE students ask too many questions and talk too much about their own lives in relation to classroom facts, Golinvaux emphasized that they have a wider perspective.

She started in February and was one of the first senior students to get a job.

When Louise Ottavi, assistant academic dean, was a Clarke student, she became acquainted with Golinvaux. Ottavi was impressed then with Golinvaux as the mother of several children, and she now respects and admires Golinvaux even more because Golinvaux assumed another demanding role.

Ottavi said, "It was quite a metamorphosis for Jeanne to move from thinking of herself as a homemaker to a student."

Sister Lucilda, chairperson of the foreign language department, was acquainted with Golinvaux as a student in the 1940's and again in the 1970's. Golinvaux is a Spanish minor and lived on Sister Lucilda's dorm wing during her freshman year (1945-46).

"Jeanne is a great person, well-liked by her peers. She's always open and friendly, sensitive to other people and their needs, then and now. She always adds a spark to a group," said Sister Lucilda.

Some of Golinvaux's classmates, who graduated in 1949, are planning a luncheon to honor her on May 19. They'll commemorate their own graduation and celebrate it with Golinvaux as she becomes a new, long-coming and welcome Clarke alumna member.

Finally ready to don the mortarboard, Golinvaux offers this advice to other collegians, "Keep on trying to learn. I have great faith in a liberal arts education. It's important to have well-rounded knowledge; it makes a person feel at home in the world and as a person. I think you should get an education for this reason. Today's college students are career-oriented. You can acquire a career if you have a background, a feeling at home, in a large perspective. Most importantly, develop yourself as a full person; this enables you to lead and enjoy an interesting life."

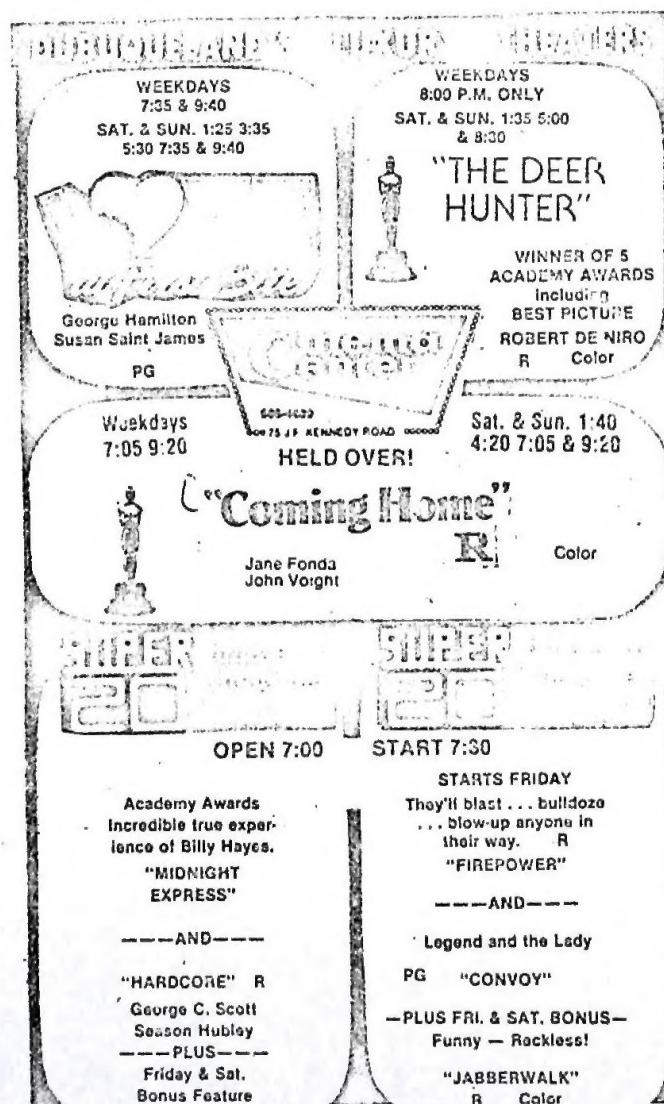
Jeanne Golinvaux

"Our age makes us more curious because we can see that theory and reality aren't equal."

She says that CE students place value on book learning, but see a great deal of knowledge in "real world" experience as well.

Going back to school "has been a marvelous experience because of the personal benefits. The most important being mind stimulation." Golinvaux is glad she took the long road. She gained self-confidence, the ability to sell herself, and she added an additional dimension to her personality.

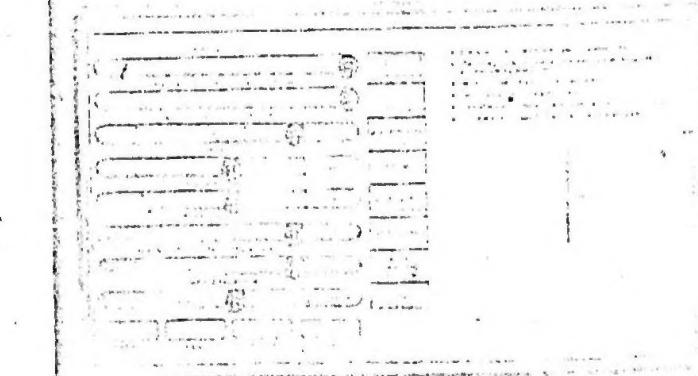
The accumulation of academic and personal enhancements is what Golinvaux feels got her a job as Coordinator of Volunteers at St. Joseph's Unit, Mercy Health Center.



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Lisa Drew

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Mary Claire Handzik

Sister Mary Benedict Phe
Psychology Award
Beth Blobaum

Charles W. Blood Feat
Awards
Kathy Grove (first)
Anne Whitehead (second)
Deborah Green (third)

Courier Advertising Ser
Sue Klein
Susan Michelle Thompson

Sister Virginia Gause
Award for Excellence
Performance Elizabeth Rosario

AWARDS

Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges

Anne Casey
Mary Casey
Cynthia Castans
Monica Clements

Denise Curley
Sally Feehan
Carol Frahm
Marianne Gronstal

Kathy Grove
Maureen Jordon
Mary Knapp
Renata Korona

Margaret O'Connell
Kathleen O'Flaherty
Aimee Pacholski
Paula Puls

Special Field Awards

Helen and Melvin Hack Award For Excellence in Photo-Journalism
Tammy Edens

Aurelia Sullivan Music Award
Patsy Sue Reese

Freshman Chemistry Achievement Award
Mary Ann Heck
Alice Ottavi

Economics/Management Science Award of Excellence
Kim Roling

Barbara Ben Bonaventura Biology Award
Denise Curley

Wall Street Journal Student Achievement Award
Cindy Schnier

Mary Frances Clarke Education Award
Renata Korona

American Institute of Chemists Award
Bonnie Colsch

Dorothy Newburgh Art Award
Julie Scannell

Margaret Mead Sociology Award
Karen Derks

Sister Mary Ignacio Walsh Biology Award
Lisa Drew

MARY AGNES O'CONNOR AWARD
1st—Mary Catherine Casey
2nd—Kathy O'Flaherty
3rd—Marianne Gronstal

PAULINE MATHIS PFOHL LEADERSHIP SCHOLARSHIP
1st—Mary Pat Rielly
2nd—Sue Klein
3rd—Martha Crowley

MABEL ROONEY HOFFMAN AWARD
1st—Mary Therese Rooney
2nd—Martha Crowley
3rd—Ruth Dunblazier

Marse Meis Fitzgerald Award For Journalism
Meredith Albright


Mary Catherine Casey


Mary Pat Rielly


Mary Therese Rooney


Florentine O'Brien Craemer Drama Award
Cynthia Johnson

JOHN A. MILES AWARD

1st—Mary Pat Rielly
2nd—Chelley Vician
3rd—Janet McCarthy

ST. CATHERINE MEDAL

1st—Mary Pat Rielly
2nd—Peggy Hess
3rd—Anne Whitehead

Sister Mary St. Ruth Connolly Music Award
Michele Dierickx
Patty Liston (hon. mention)
Karen Thompson (hon. mention)

Charles W. Blood Feature Story Awards

Kathy Grove (first)
Anne Whitehead (second)
Deborah Green (third)

Richard Sherman Memorial Award
Kathy Grove (first, second and third)
Patricia Walké (fourth)
Kathy Grove (hon. mention)
Brigit Barnes (hon. mention)
Roxann Pierce (hon. mention)

Colonel Wallace A. Mead Editorial Awards
Carol Frahm (first)
Anne Whitehead (second)

Courier Advertising Service Award
Sue Klein
Susan Michelle Thompson

Mary Blake Finan Literary Award
Kathy Grove (first)
Kathy Grove (hon. mention)
Vicki Rohlfs (hon. mention)
Patricia Walké (hon. mention)
Margaret O'Connell (hon. mention)

Sister Mary St. Clara Home Economics Award
Barbara Scholle
Martha Crowley (hon. mention)

Sister Virginia Guame Music Award for Excellence in Performance
Elizabeth Rosando

KAPPA GAMMA PI
Anne Casey
Mary Casey
Monica Clements

Kathy Grove
Renata Korona
Margaret O'Connell

Aimee Pacholski
Patsy Sue Reese
Kathryn Timmerman

The Total Athlete

Player prefers reporting

Editor's Note: The following column was written by guest columnist and staff reporter, Jo Osman, who "put her whole self" into the Crusader Varsity Softball Team last week, for a "Totally Athletic" experience.

After an exhausting Friday night, I was awakened early Saturday morning to play softball as a reserved player in a double header.

My devoted friends and roommate assisted in clothing my fatigued body into a shocking purple and gold uniform. My Tretton gym shoes, stark white with green stripes and pointed toes, one of mother's hand-me-downs, presented a problem. Suddenly, I was embarrassed and would rather be seen in bare feet than those pointed shoes which at one time, made me proud. Fortunately, my roommate came to the rescue with a spare pair of unmatched gym shoes — projecting a more professional image.

We set out for our destination — Grinnell, roughly three hours away. Luckily, I remembered my pillow and slept soundly through half the trip.

However, I was awakened by a desperate urge to find a washroom. A few other girls, sharing the same needs, convinced the drivers to make an urgent stop at the nearest gas station.

At last, we had arrived and the opponents were already on the field practicing. The sight of the team alone was enough to unnerve me.

Realizing that I wasn't a usual player and that I was completely out of shape, the team agreed that a rush fitness program was essential.

First, Liz and I tossed the ball back and forth. I did my utmost to psyche out the other team. In fact my concern regarding the spectators distracted my interest until I felt the pangs of a ball hitting my face. For some reason, I suspect my attempts to impress the opponents weren't too successful.

In the next part of the program, Cece, standing within four feet, pitched the ball to me. Truthfully, I felt bloated with pride at the sight of my hitting. Foolishly deceiving myself, I was hoping for a grand slam.

The first game was against Cornell and our team proudly displayed our many talents.

With a braced knee, Tammy Edens managed to surmount her handicap and pitched remarkably well. And our catcher, Patty Nelson, with two taped ankles, surprised us with her agility and cunningness.

Patty displayed her cleverness with a fake throw to third, allowed the runner to attempt stealing home, and tagged her before she was within eight feet of the base.

Auspiciously, I covered right field and all the batters on Cornell were right handed thus hitting in left field. Thank God!

Every inning we hustled into the field, warming up by throwing the ball to one another. I did anything to catch the ball including using any part of my body that would help me trap the ball.

Batting was not as easy as I anticipated. As I approached the batter's box, the tension was at its peak and I was in need of another urgent trip to the washroom. The catcher would mumble to distract the batter. And was it successful! The players were chattering while my fellow teammates cheered me on. The noise was overwhelming — making it extremely difficult to concentrate.

Fortunately, I was walked twice and managed to score once. The thought of a grand slam quickly vanished and I compromised for making any kind of contact with the ball. I found myself chuckling at my aspirations.

The impressive batting of the first game was by Patty Nelson and Peg Smith.

Although the final score was 6-7, Cornell/Clarke, we were proud of ourselves and held our heads up high as we shook hands with the other team.

There was a thirty minute lapse before the next game. Just enough time to refuel our stomachs and catch our breath.

We were eager to begin the next game. But we were dismayed at the sight of Grinnell. Compared to our well-groomed team, the other girls dressed in blue sweat pants, long sleeved tops, and bandannas encircling their heads — appeared scuzzy.

For the first time all season, Sheri Hyde played catcher. But no one could have learned that from the game.

Classifieds

Allison and Mary — Please thank the 'May basket mystery giver'. We are deeply grateful!! She/Jo

To fellow D.P.s & TWAers: have a super summer and stay out of trouble! Good luck with exams! Elephant Call

M.D. BEWARE — Act with great care — Our job is not done, and again we will come! 007

Lynn Sapp: You've waited quite a while, and I ask this with a smile: which one has more power — nooky-nooky or gin-n-sour?

D.P. Gang, If you don't want to be heard, turn out the light in the elevator. J.B.

Jill, Happy Birthday! Love, Carrie.

During the first few innings Patty Nelson pitched. The opponent's fans were rather vocal and obnoxious, thus distracting both Patty and the rest of the team. Later Patty was replaced by Tammy.

Choosing to ignore the crowd, Renée Kerker caught two fly balls, showing the other team just what our abilities were. At the same time Peg Smith and Cindy Schnier kept the infield in shape.

At center field, Max Kollash's heroic attempts to catch were also successful. Even more impressive was watching her determination to catch the ball even with her arms twisted behind her.

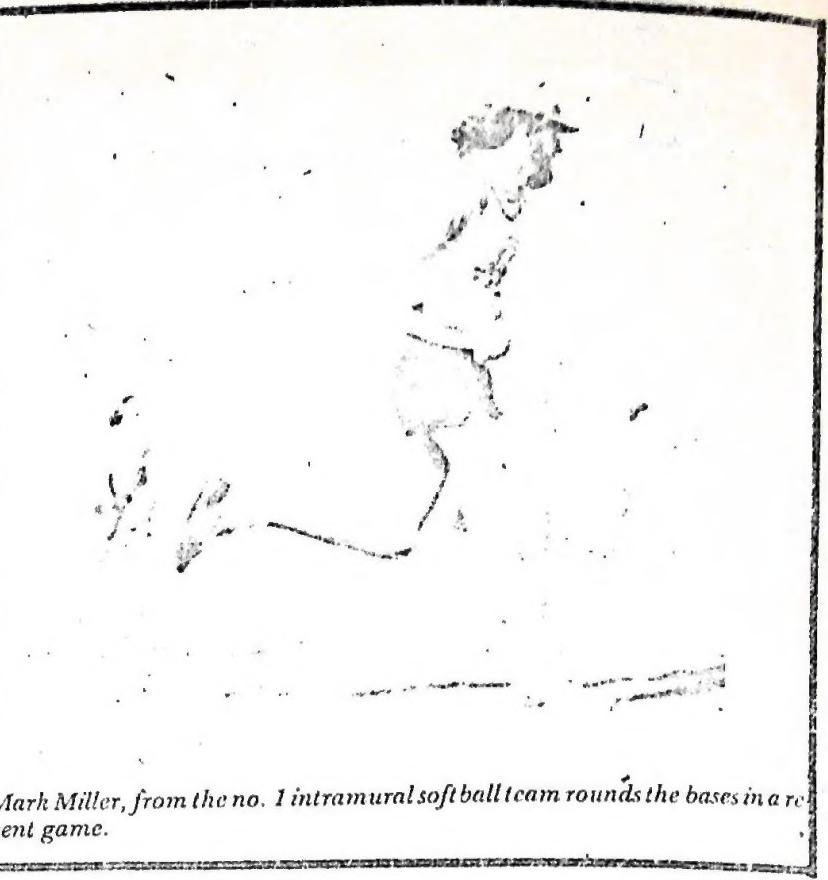
There was one fly ball that came my way and fear was written across my face. I saw it coming and panicked. Somehow, though God only knows how, that ball landed in my mitt and remained there. I released a loud sigh of relief, holding onto that ball for dear life. In the meantime, players were stealing bases and scoring before I even realized the ball was still in play.

The team's batting average was much better the second game. Tammy Eden led the team with a 1.000 batting average and Peg Smith followed with a .666. Hyde, Nelson, and Kollash batted a high average also.

The other team refused to let us run the bases. In fact, they stood right in the base line blocking any direct route to the bases. But Tammy didn't let that stop her as she barrelled into the third baseman.

Although the score was not as close, 13-6, and was not in our favor, we managed to keep our spirits up with the reminders of the seemingly "blind" umps, the motley opponents, and our lack of fans. Or at least we felt better when we reminded each other of these factors.

All that's left now are the bruises. And for some reason, whoever has the most bruises covering their bodies is the proudest. I suppose that's become the symbol of a good player. (But I think I'll stick to reporting!)



Mark Miller, from the no. 1 intramural softball team rounds the bases in a recent game.

Faculty takes HM CROWN

The intramural softball season concluded with Team 6, composed of faculty and administration, undefeated and in first place.

Saturday, April 28, games were played between teams 7, 8 and 2. In the first, Team 8 skinned past Team 7 with a score of 2-1. The second game ended in a 5-3 score, with Team 2 the heroines over Team 7.

Freshman Sandy Blake, who served as Student Coordinator with junior Margaret Doyle, commented on her own enjoyment of the program. Blake recognized the need for participation as 90% of the success of this type of a program. "The

faculty always had the best turn-out which obviously worked to their benefit," she added.

Blake regrets the fact that there is no formal 'prize' for the winners, but encourages all-school involvement for the future.

The final standings of the intramural season are:

Team	Wins	Losses
6	4	0
2	3	1
8	3	1
7	2	2
1	1	2
4	1	2
3	1	3

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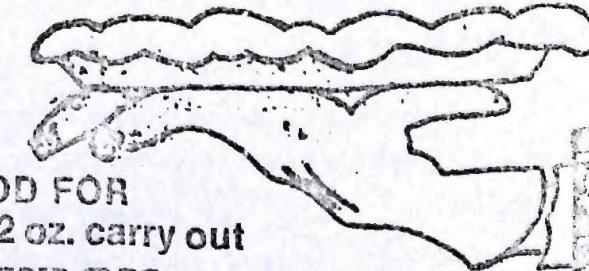
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The Clark College SERVING Vol. E.C. No. 1

Loras e forces m

By Jill Hickey
Assoc. Editor
Due to a drastic increase enrollment at Loras, coupled lack of housing for male students on Clarke's campus. The hall will be the two male residence students, Dick Hatfield, Director of Residence at Loras, St. Joseph's Hall at Loras were enough to accommodate the students. However, as became available, the students return to Loras' campus. H

George Baynes, Resident Assistant (R.A.) of the male floor Loras senior, explained that the residents were late in registration, transfer students, fresh which put them at the bottom of the housing list.

Baynes is pleased with the room and feels most of the students are also satisfied. He observed more advantages than disadvantages to living at Clarke particularly the "superior food service". Although, he admitted, "Clarke has a much smaller population, which allows for more time and care with the meals."

Sister Diana Malone, Director of Student Activities has stated that residents of Clarke, the Loras students are granted the same facilities as Clarke students. This is another asset, according to Loras junior, because they eliminate extra trips over to Clarke.

Baynes has found the Clark students to be very cooperative and fun to work with. He recognizes genuine concern for the residents and is especially grateful for the R.A.s "The administration makes the load as light as possible."

Clarke's new building is a modern facility with a large dining room, a lounge, and a game room. The building is located on the corner of 8th and Century Drive. The building is accessible from the Century Drive entrance and from the 8th Street entrance. The building is open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. The building is air conditioned and has a central heating system. The building is equipped with a full kitchen, a laundry room, and a storage room. The building is located in a residential area, but is easily accessible from the city center. The building is a modern facility with a large dining room, a lounge, and a game room. The building is located on the corner of 8th and Century Drive. The building is accessible from the Century Drive entrance and from the 8th Street entrance. The building is air conditioned and has a central heating system. The building is equipped with a full kitchen, a laundry room, and a storage room. The building is located in a residential area, but is easily accessible from the city center.

(Above) Tri-college students included as